

THE EXCHANGE

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MAC CAMERON, Associate Editor.

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RANDOM THOUGHTS.

(By a Crossroads Philosopher.)

Buy it at home this Christmas! Keep prosperity in this town! What better slogan could we have for a progressive community spirit? Everybody wants to see this town prosper, and we all want to share in the fruits of that prosperity. Even the fellow who habitually sends out of town for his own goods wants his full quota of the riches that are accumulated through the thrift and husbandry of his fellow citizens. Producing and selling the surplus abroad and then keeping our money at home by buying from home dealers will add many thousands of dollars to the money in circulation in this community. It is the sure way of meeting prosperity with open arms and gathering in our share and a little more for good luck. Let other communities support themselves. Our interests and our duty are at home. Let's keep prosperity in this town.

You young fellows who have your eyes focused upon the bright lights and the gaities of the big cities should get out your stub pencils and do a little sum in addition. If you go the way of others and drift to the city you will naturally annex a "best girl." She will want you to take her to the theatre once a week, and that will cost \$4.00 for the tickets, \$5.00 or so for the taxi and \$3.00 or \$4.00 for the supper after the performance. Then frequently she will want an automobile ride on Sunday and the car and chauffeur will touch you up to the tune of \$2.00 to \$4.00 an hour. A box of candy and a few sodas and Sundaes and a bouquet will eat up another \$3.00. Your dancing lessons will cost you \$20.00 a season, and a spiked tail suit will wipe out another \$40.00, with your dancing pumps absorbing at least a V. Of course it's great sport while it lasts, but the first thing you know you'll be yelling your head off for the old man to send you car fare home and the price of a full stomach before you start. Yep, city life is great in more ways than one.

We presume there is not a business or professional man in this town who is not an ardent advocate of home trading. So are we. And in this connection we want to suggest that

it might be in keeping in such connection with the business of this paper to plant some kinds of business in the town. It is a serious mistake for parents to want their children to be reproductions of themselves. Don't think they have to be like you; one of you is enough. You can keep a cow alive on potato peelings but she won't give any milk, and when a cow stops giving milk her mission in life is at an end. You don't keep cows for company.

Wish I could sentence fifty of the popular writers of today to the penitentiary for the stuff they write. Many young people are good in the beginning, but they are like the fellow that was killed by falling off a skyscraper—they top too quick.

The newspaper today is a better college than Abraham Lincoln had—just the newspaper. After all has been said religion is the measure of concern of men—it's the real base line of character. Many may revile it, but in their hearts men feel that in religion life finds its highest expression.

Beauty may please us, truth may strengthen us, but goodness commands us. A genius charms us, a philosopher instructs us, but a saint feeds us.

Christianity has always been a personal religion. Jesus was no organizer like Caesar or Mohammed. He formulated no plans. He founded no ecclesiastical system.

Men may dent the historical Christ or the metaphysical Christ and leave only the ideal, and they still have to reckon with a power of the first magnitude.

There are multitudes of people who select from the Bible what they personally like; they can codify God and eliminate what they don't like.

The element of failure is not confined to religion. Ninety-five per cent of the business men fail; 75 per cent of the lawyers abandon their profession; 60 per cent of the doctors fail to make good. I think it is due, as in religion, to lack of systematic work and no personal application.

The fellow that tells me that he can live a Christian life outside a church I have no use for. I have no faith in him. He can't.—Ex.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood celebrated her 85th birthday at her home in Washington, D. C., a few days ago. Mrs. Lockwood was a candidate for the presidency in 1884. She is still hale and hearty.

Billy Sundayisms.

(Rev. Wm. A. Sunday, the noted evangelist, recently held a series of revival meetings in Omaha, Neb. Below are a few of the bright sayings in which his sermons abound.)

I want to strike a death blow at the idea that being a Christian takes a man out of the busy whirl of the world's life and activity and makes him a spineless and effeminate proposition.

Running away from the world in order to be good makes religion a matter of place and observance.

Religion does not consist in doing a lot of special things, even though these special things be good things, but in doing all things in a special way.

Men will gladly draw their checks for \$10,000 to establish a children's hospital and see nothing in the fact that the money came out of \$200,000 made from a system of child labor which crushes more children in one year than the hospital will heal in ten.

We have a type of man who will not sell you poison while you are looking at him, but will sell adulterated food that will kill people 2,000 miles away.

Somebody needs to say it so loudly that it will be heard around the world that Christianity is a religion, not only for the private life of a man, but a religion to be translated into every nook and corner of his life, public as well as private.

Trying not to be bad is about the most difficult and trying job in the world.

Jesus did run around with a very common sort, but when He left them they were not quite so common as they were before He met them and that is the acid test of your religion.

When once a man's soul has been saved it is a good thing for him to say, "What shall it profit a man if he save his soul but the whole world is lost?"

A midget in mind and a midget in character is like a carbuncle.

God likes to see a man leave the cellar and go to the roof garden of life.

Those who borrow trouble never get a chance to pay it back.

Manhood and womanhood does not depend on muscle. Apparent size is one thing, real size is another. If you don't believe it, try to stop a hornet with the end of your nose when he is going a mile a minute.

One hundred years from tonight what difference will it make whether you are rich or poor, whether learned or illiterate!

It is bigger to sit in a church than it is to line up with the bunch at some bar with a French plate glass in front.

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Safety of the Nation.

In a stirring address to a private party of newspaper men, J. Stuart Blackton, author and producer of the great preparedness film "The Battle Cry of Peace" said that the final salvation of the country would be up to the country newspaper. "If the rural newspaper—the country weekly and the small town daily—get behind the preparedness movement and demand action by Congress," Blackton said, "then we will see an appropriation during this session that will be a good starter. Of course to get anywhere we will need a series of appropriations—a program for navy and army which, spread over a period of years, will give us eventually what protection we need. But if the small town newspaper refuses to call for preparedness, and prefers "pork" instead the movement will fall. The protection of America is in the hands of the country editor."

Mr. Blackton's speech for preparedness followed the viewing by newspaper men of the film "The Battle Cry of Peace," in which the author shows how helpless the United States would be in case of attack by a foreign foe. New York streets are bombarded, homes are attacked, women and children terrified and fathers taken out, lined up against a wall and shot. The handful of American soldiers are a joke to the invaders and enemy ships stand off our shores, out of range of our guns, and batter to pieces our coast defenses. "These possibilities are not without the basis of fact," said Mr. Blackton, in his address. "Instead of being a sleeping giant, we are a helpless babe. The dream of universal peace has been shattered by the European nations and will again be shattered. We have learned that nations will break solemn treaties when they think it to their advantage to do so. The world is but little different from what it was a thousand years ago. But we, in the democracy of the United States, are full partners. The responsibility of government and the salvation of the nation is on every citizen. Every citizen should be able to transfer himself into a soldier for the defense of his country. This is not imperialistic; it is the very essence of a democracy that would live."—Exchange.

FOUL TIPS.

By R. E. Morse.

And still we are a nation of peace—today.

A well cooked meal is a good aid to love.

The fellow who brags most is the one who "almost succeeds."

"Back to the farm" is good, but "stay there" is some better.

A peaceful calm still pervades the peace palace at The Hague.

To insure a welcome, take your bank account along with you.

This is a day of work, but many a cuss doesn't know it is today.

That widespread plot to blow up American ships seems to have hoisted the plotters instead.

No, the real heroes of today are not the ones of shot and shell. They are the movie stars.

No, indeed, a giggling girl and a cackling hen are not akin. The hen is of practical value in this world.

Let's hope it has been a prosperous week for you—and the same for the next, and the others to follow.

Even the most procrastinating man on earth can lower himself into a dining room chair right on the dot.

If the European governments want to recoup their losses rapidly we humbly suggest a monopoly on the movies.

Don't toss a nickel into the collection box and then expect St. Peter to pass you through the pearly gates. Peter is no cheap guy.

In California a young man held his breath for ten minutes and is still telling the story. We note, however, that the hero is a man.

To Aid Law Enforcement.

A minister of the gospel was assassinated in the vicinity of Hamlet a few days ago and it is intimated that he was murdered because of his fight for law and order in his community. A few years ago a minister was murdered in Surry county by the lawless element who resented his interference. We've made much progress in North Carolina in many directions, but crime is more than keeping pace with our progress. In the multiplicity of societies organized in the State, it might be well to organize one to aid in law enforcement and to encourage respect for the law.—Statesville Landmark.

Bennett Jared, a Tennessee University football player, was so seriously injured in a game at Nashville, Tenn., Saturday between the Tennessee college and Vanderbilt University that he has but little chance of recovery. He is paralyzed from his neck down.

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PERFECTION

SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS

Ninety-four young Belgians in Brussels have been sentenced to terms of two months to five years for refusing to work for the Germans. A report from Hazebrouck says the Germans have cut off the food supply of the town of Harlebeke because the women there refused to perform tasks for the invaders.

After a long investigation by the committee on hospitals of the New York State Charities Aid association, it is reported that illness costs the residents of the state not less than \$40,000,000 a year. Every year, says the report, physicians get about \$5 from each human being in the state.

Jack Hughes, a prominent young man of Washington Parish, La., who was being held in jail at Columbus, Miss., for the murder of Laure Hal-loway, was taken from the jail by a mob Sunday and lynched.

That San Francisco quake tried to "shake" exposition visitors.